DR STRANGE
DEADPOOL
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THAT'S NOT NICE.
WHOA--
BOB! HEY, BOB!
OH, DON'T APOLOGIZE NOW.
HMM. WONDER HOW YOU GET OFF THIS ROCK?
BOB!
FIRST STEP'S A DOOZY. HEY, MR. WILSON, CHECK THIS OUT...
MR. WILSON...?
MR. WILSON...?
DEAD
BOB... A HAND, PLEASE...
UHM...

I AM SO RELIEVED YOU ARE ENJOYING YOURSELF, MR. WILSON.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW COOL THIS IS, I MEAN, WELL, YOU DO, SINCE YOU DO THIS ALL THE TIME, BUT--
I UNDERSTAND. BE QUIET.
I APOLOGIZE FOR MY DELAY IN FINDING YOU.
WHEN TRANSPORTING YOU TO THE NETHERREALMS, I HAD NOT ACCOUNTED FOR THE STRANGE ENERGY WHICH STILL SUFFUSES BOTH YOUR BODIES.
WE STILL GOT THE STINK OF TIME TRAVEL ON US, DON'T WE? WE'RE LIKE CHRONAL-HOPPING FRENCHMEN...
...THOUGH, MAY I SAY, I'D EXPECT THAT DR. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, SHOULD'VE BEEN ABLE TO DEAL WITH A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT...
GAAA!
OH, THIS IS SO COOL!
BE THAT AS IT MAY, I WILL NOW ATTEMPT TO DELIVER YOU AS CLOSELY TO YOUR TARGET AS I AM ABLE TO...

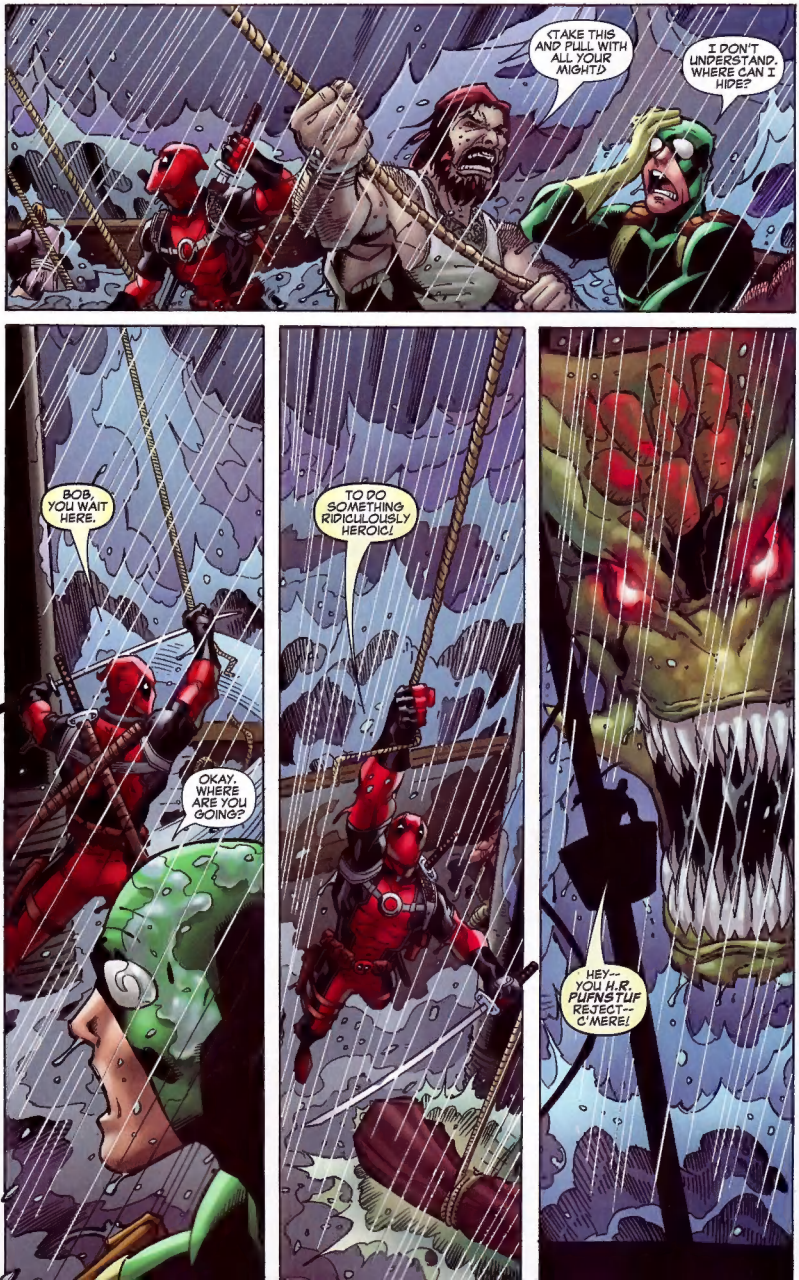
BE PREPARED FOR POTENTIAL DANGER.
UHM--WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY POTENTIAL?
YOU MAY ENCOUNTER OPPOSITION, BOB.
BUT WE MAY NOT?
BUT YOU MAY.
BUT WE MAY NOT, RIGHT?
-SIGH-
SILLY CAPE. I WISH I HAD A CAPE.
YOU'D NEED THE CURTAINS FROM GONE WITH THE WIND, BOSS.
SHHHH--WHAT IF HE CAN HEAR US?
HE PROBABLY CAN'T HEAR A THING WHILE PROJECTING HIS ASTRAL FORM ACROSS DIMENSIONAL PLANES...
I CAN HEAR EVERY-THING...
-SIGH-
DEADPOOL--BE PREPARED, YOU WILL BE ARRIVING IN THE REALM OF SARRIZHIMAR IN BUT A MOMENT...

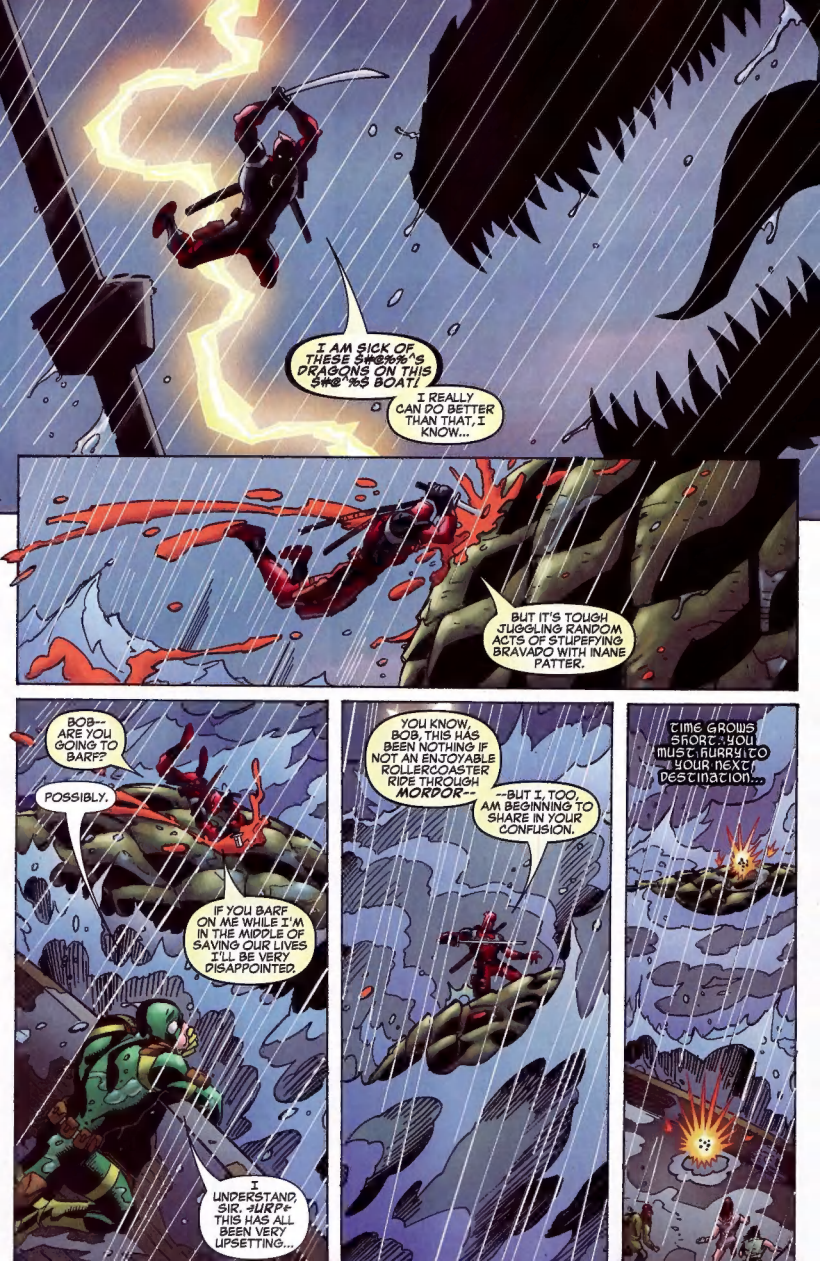
WHOA--THIS IS WORSE THAN I EXPECTED.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT--IT'S PARADISE!
EVERY SINGLE GIRL HERE IS HOTTER THAN JESSICA BIEL!
I DON'T KNOW, BOB--THERE SURE ARE A LOT OF WOMEN...
...IN MY EXPERIENCE, THAT NEVER TURNS OUT TO BE A GOOD THING...
IT'S ONLY THE ONE YOU MARRY THAT YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT.
DANG, I GOT AN ITCH, TOO.
BUT I CAN'T LET THEM SCRATCH IT OR BAD THINGS WILL HAPPEN...
IS THAT MY OWN HALITOSIS I SMELL...?

SPLEKT
SPLICH
HUH--?
NOT EVEN MY FANTASIES TURN OUT RIGHT...
THAT'S FUNNY--ALL OF MINE TURN OUT JUST LIKE THIS!
I'M STUCK HERE FORCED TO FIND T-RAY, A GUY I HATE, MOSTLY 'CAUSE HE HATES ME, AND SAVE THE MULTIVERSE ON ACCOUNT OF ME KILLING T-RAY IS WHAT CAUSED THE PROBLEMS TO BEGIN WITH--
--AND I CAN'T EVEN ENJOY THE ONLY GALS I'VE MET IN MY ENTIRE LIFE WHO HAVE JAWS CAPABLE OF HANDLING THE WONDER THAT IS ME!

You must leave this realm immediately.
-GAAK!-
WAIT--I THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING US TO OUR TARGET--!
CAN'T WE STAY?
I MEAN, CAN YOU GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO CALM THEM DOWN?
A MAGIC VALIUM OR CHOCOLATE?
OOH, I WANT CHOCOLATE, TOO!
-SIGH...-
PREPARE FOR A TRANSDIMENSIONAL STUNT!
A BOAT? WE'RE ON A BOAT.
AND ME WITHOUT MY DRAMAMINE...
THIS HAS BECOME MORE THAN A LITTLE BIT TERRIFYING, SIR--
--I'M ON THE EDGE OF BEWILDERMENT.
YEAH, BOB... HOLD THAT THOUGHT FOR A SECOND...

...'CAUSE I THINK WE'RE GONNA NEED A BIGGER BOAT...

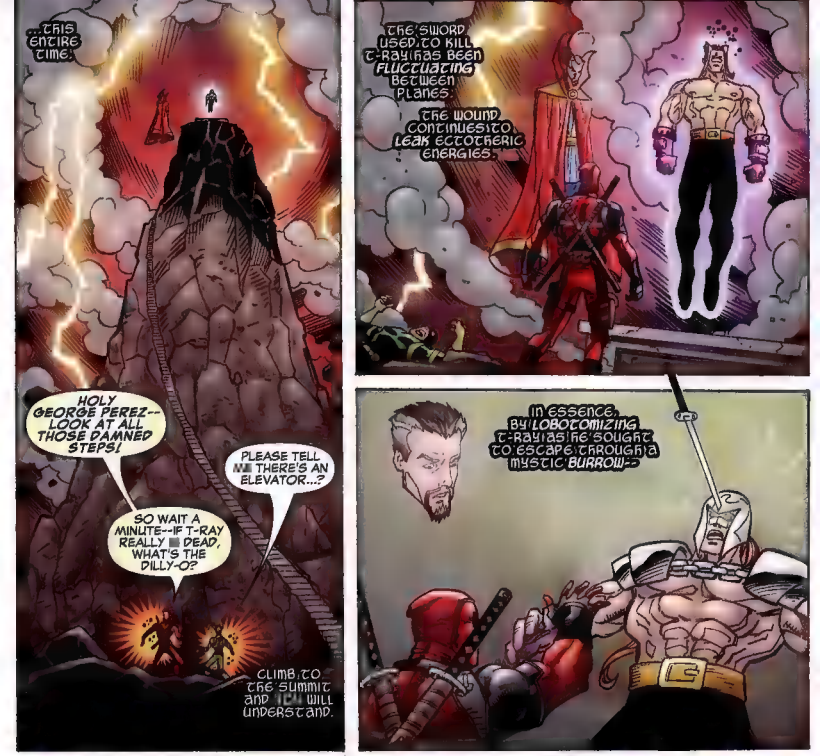

(TAKE THIS AND PULL WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT!)
I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHERE CAN I HIDE?
BOB, YOU WAIT HERE.
OKAY. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO DO SOMETHING RIDICULOUSLY HEROIC!
HEY-- YOU H.R. PUFNSTUF REJECT-- C'MERE!


I AM SICK OF THESE $#@%%^S DRAGONS ON THIS $#@^%S BOAT!
I REALLY CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT, I KNOW...
BUT IT'S TOUGH JUGGLING RANDOM ACTS OF STUPEFYING BRAVADO WITH INANE PATTER.
BOB-- ARE YOU GOING TO BARF?
POSSIBLY.
IF YOU BARF ON ME WHILE I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SAVING OUR LIVES I'LL BE VERY DISAPPOINTED.
I UNDERSTAND, SIR. *HURP* THIS HAS ALL BEEN VERY UPSETTING...
YOU KNOW, BOB, THIS HAS BEEN NOTHING IF NOT AN ENJOYABLE ROLLERCOASTER RIDE THROUGH MORDOR--
--BUT I, TOO, AM BEGINNING TO SHARE IN YOUR CONFUSION.
TIME GROWS SHORT. YOU MUST HURRY TO YOUR NEXT DESTINATION...

FIREWORKS WEREN'T ON MY SCHEDULE.
'CAUSE THERE WEREN'T ANY SCHEDULED, BOSS!
THIS IS STRANGE--I MEAN, IF WADE AND BOB WERE SENT TO SOME MAGICAL DIMENSION TO STOP THE PROBLEM--
"--THEN WHY ARE THINGS TURNING ALL SPARKY AROUND HERE--?"
WILSON... BULLETS ARE USELESS AGAINST THE ELITE PROTECTORATE OF THE EXALTED BRAHL...
HIDE! HIDE! HIDE!
USING YOUR KATANA BLADE INSTEAD?
OKAY, YOU'RE THE MARTIAL ARTS EXPERT.

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. COME TO THINK OF IT--
SLT
--NO, YOU'RE NOT!
WHAT THE HECK IS REALLY GOING ON?
YOUR TASK HERE IS DONE... PREPARE TO DEPART...
...THAT IS ENOUGH...
GLUK!
...VERY WELL...
SLOCC
THAT'S IT! ENOUGH!
I LIKE A GOOD BRAWL WHILE GOOGLE MAPPING "OTHERWORLDLY REALMS" AS MUCH AS THE NEXT GUY, BUT--
I WOULD RECOMMEND USING YOUR BLADE

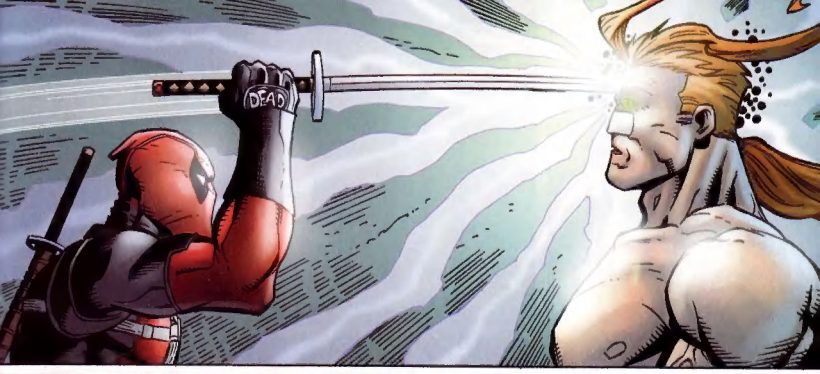
MR. WILSON!
STOP IT! I'M NOT CUTTING, STABBING, SLICING OR DICING A SINGLE MORE RAMPAGING, FANG-BARING ALIEN DENIZEN WITH THIS BLADE UNTIL YOU COME CLEAN!
RRR...?
OKAY, BUT THIS IS THE LAST ONE!
INDEED, IT IS.
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU GET IT, BUT I'M TRYING REALLY, REALLY HARD NOT TO BE A SAVAGE, BUT FUN-LOVING, KILLER OVER HERE.
I DO UNDERSTAND THAT, MR. WILSON.
AND I APOLOGIZE THAT YOUR RESPONSIBILITY REQUIRED YOU TO DRAW BLOOD ACROSS SO MANY MYSTIC PLANES.
MY RESPONSIBILITY? I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO FIND T-RAY'S BODY?
NO. THAT IS WHAT I TOLD YOU I WOULDN'T.
I HAVE KNOWN WHERE THE FALLEN BLACKMAGE'S BODY WAS...

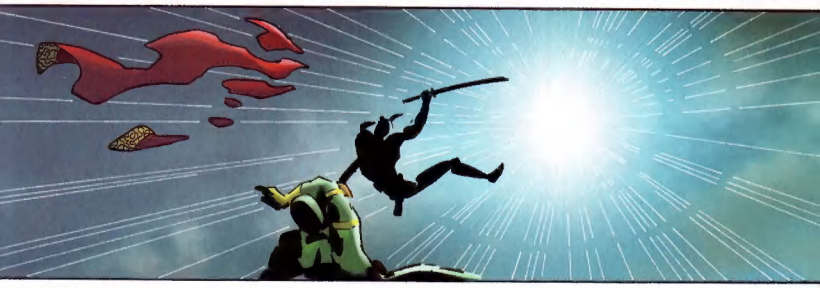

...THIS ENTIRE TIME.
HOLY GEORGE PEREZ--LOOK AT ALL THOSE DAMNED STEPS!
PLEASE TELL ME THERE'S AN ELEVATOR...?
SO WAIT A MINUTE--IF T-RAY REALLY IS DEAD, WHAT'S THE DILLY-O?
CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT AND I'LL WILL UNDERSTAND.
THE SWORD USED TO KILL T-RAY HAS BEEN FLUCTUATING BETWEEN PLANES.
THE WOUND CONTINUES TO LEAK ECTOTHERIC ENERGIES.
IN ESSENCE, BY LOBOTOMIZING T-RAY AS HE SOUGHT TO ESCAPE THROUGH A MYSTIC BURROW--

--HE TUMBLED HEADLONG THROUGH, TEARING IT APART--
--UNCONTROLLED, RESULTING IN FRAYING OF THE BARRIERS HE TORE THROUGH WHICH IN TURN--LIKE THE TOPPLING OF DOMINOES
--HAS COME TO GRAVELY THREATEN THE EARTHLY PLANE AS WELL.
--OOZING BLACK MAGIC ENERGIES, WHICH HE HAS BARELY BEGUN TO UNDERSTAND. SPILLED FROM HIM LIKE BLOOD--

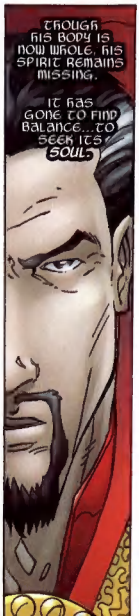
TO REPAIR THE BOUNDARIES, A PORTION OF LIFE ESSENCE DRAWN FROM EACH REALM WAS NEEDED--
--IN ORDER TO REPLACE THAT WHICH T-RAY LOST UPON HIS DESCENT.
OKAY, I KINDA GET IT--AND YOU KNOW I NEVER MEANT TO DO ANY OF THAT WHEN I NAILED T-RAY, I WAS JUST TRYING TO SAVE SANDI N' OUTLAW--
--BUT WHY COULDN'T YOU HAVE JUST TOLD ME THAT TO BEGIN WITH?
I WOULDA DRAWN ALL THE LIFE ESSENCES YOU NEEDED IF IT MEANT SAVING THE UNIVERSE AND BEING ABLE TO TAKE CREDIT FOR IT!
I DID NOT TRUST YOU WOULD DO AS I ASKED, WADE WILSON--FOR IN ORDER TO SAVE THE WORLD, THE FINAL DESTINATION OF THIS LONG JOURNEY--
--REQUIRES THAT YOU RESTORE T-RAY TO LIFE!
OH, C'MON, THAT IS SO TOTALLY UNFAIR!

THIS GUY STOLE MY IDENTITY--EVEN THOUGH HE SAYS I STOLE HIS--AND EVEN THOUGH I KNOW IT'S ALL STILL OPEN FOR DEBATE DEPENDING ON WHICH WRITER YOU LIKE BEST, I PERSONALLY WOULD REALLY PREFER THAT I STILL BE ME AND HE NOT BE ME BY NOT BEING ALIVE!
FOR THE SUNDERED BARRIERS TO BE MADE WHOLE, SO TOO MUST THE ENERGY THAT CAUSED THE RUPTURE BE RECURNED TO A SAFE BUTTRESS.
YOUR BLADE HAS THE ESSENCE OF THE MULTIPLE MYSTIC REALMS RESIDING WITHIN IT NOW.
DEAD
PLUNGE IT BACK THROUGH THE GASH YOU CAUSED, SO IT MIGHT FILL THE EMPTY HOST WITH ITS RESTORED BLACK MAGICS.
YOU KNOW--THIS GUY N' ME--WE--THIS TOTALLY SUCKS...
THIS SUCKS.


DEAD

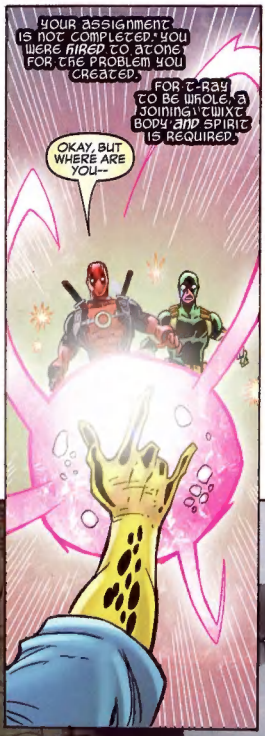


DID THAT WORK? IS THE UNIVERSE SAFE?
UNTIL THE NEXT TIME IT IS ENDANGERED AGAIN.
OKAY, I CAN ONLY DO ONE UNIVERSE-SAVING-CAN'T/MUST-CONFLICT AT A TIME.
WHERE'S T-RAY?


THOUGH HIS BODY IS NOW WHOLE, HIS SPIRIT REMAINS MISSING.
IT HAS GONE TO FIND BALANCE...TO SEEK ITS SOUL.

HIS WHAT?

OKAY, THEN. OUR JOB'S DONE.
YEAH.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
YEAH.


YOUR ASSIGNMENT IS NOT COMPLETED. YOU WERE HIRED TO ATONE FOR THE PROBLEM YOU CREATED.
FOR T-RAY TO BE WHOLE, A JOINING TWIXT BODY AND SPIRIT IS REQUIRED.
OKAY, BUT WHERE ARE YOU--

LORD, IT SMELLS LIKE A SWAMP!
OH.
ARE WE IN SOME KIND OF BACK-WATER, SULFUROUS, HELLHOLE OUTER DIMENSION?
NO, WE'RE IN LOUISIANA.
DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM

"DEAR DEADPOOL" returns next month! Send letters to mheroes@marvel.com, and mark them "Okay to Print."